

# The Musical World.

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## REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. III.

(Continued from page 45.)

THERE was one period when composers became rather lazy. They had let a little pig-tail grow, and felt very comfortable. This same little pig-tail wagged most pleasantly in their sonatas, ensembles, and concerted pieces. Finke, who is since dead (and who, by the way, wrote a very excellent Treatise on Composition, which is superior to most of the works on the subject), then edited the *Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*, and was far from objecting to the pig-tail school; on the contrary, he was quite at home in it, because everything was so beautifully conducted in the ancient fashion. First of all, the principal theme, then a second, then a passage, etc. Beethoven alone had shot a-head, and overstept the ordinary forms. This did not please the rest, and they declared it resulted from his being deaf. Robert Schumann now appeared, and founded the *Neue Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*. A select number of composers and artists joined him, and supported the new undertaking. This was the David's League. However difficult a task we musicians found it to make pointed letters instead of round-headed notes, each of the leaguers worked to the utmost of his power, until the *Alte Leipziger* was ruined, and the pig-tail system reduced to its last gasp. Musical composition now replaced writing. The leaguers touched their harps, troubling themselves no longer about the Muses of this earth, but floating in a sunny world of dreams. Meanwhile, however, a very active musical movement had commenced. Every one wrote on Music. A certain Doctor—who may have been very well acquainted with Hebrew, and also, able to tell a bass-viol from a piccolo, but who most assuredly did not know the difference between a major and a minor—wrote, as he himself confessed, musical criticisms, and suggested corrections in Winter's *Opferfest*. Another individual, who knew nothing more of music than that the seven notes are called in German, c, d, e, f, g, a, b, was, for many years, the sole and *unimpeachable* (at least in his own paper) operatic critic of a second journal. He used to listen to what the public said, or question, sometimes very naively, persons who understood music. Among other things, he once inquired whether a songstress (a high soprano) did not sing a note higher than A, and, if she did, whether that higher note might not be called i; and, likewise, whether the masquerade trio in *Don Juan* was not a fugue, because one voice was always coming in after the other. Bellstab—on whom, as is well known, Fate once played the terrible trick of allowing him to send the newspaper for which he wrote a criticism on an opera, that, by chance, had been taken out of the bills a few hours previously, and thus was not performed at all—maltreated Spontini most awfully, and however superior the latter was to the former, the composer of the *Vestale* felt wounded in the most tender point, while his creative power was diminished.

The *Neue Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung* has since been carried on by an individual of the name of Brendel, of whose musical knowledge we know no more than that his wife plays the piano. The paper continued to grow flatter and flatter, and did not recover itself until quite recently, when Liszt and his friends took up the cudgels for Richard Wagner. At present what was

formerly a mere skirmish of outposts, has become a general engagement. The admirers of the *Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung* say: that as Louis-Napoleon cured France when suffering from a superfluity of blood, Wagner restored the opera which was threatened with chlorosis. Both are working at the Drama of the Future. Both overthrow monuments. Both write on their own works. Both commenced their career with the Republic. Wagner's first piece was *Rienzi*; now comes *Der gehörnte Siegfried*, which is to play for several evenings. How many evenings Napoleon's next work will play is as yet undetermined. Just as Napoleon was crowned with the imperial diadem, Wagner is wreathed with laurels. We pray daily for many a Brendelist—not Wagnerist, for a great number of these ranters do not understand Wagner in the least, and do not even trouble themselves to form a correct opinion of him, but simply gabble away at random, so that Wagner might say with Hegel: "Of all my pupils, only one understood me, and he misunderstood me." They watch how he clears his throat, and how he expectorates, and then imitate him—but nothing more. We pray, then, daily for many a one of these zealous apostles, that he may not have to undergo the fate of St. Paul, and lose his head, although others assert it is already lost, or rather, never existed, and that the whole affair was only beard, wig, and Calabrese hat: but this strikes me as irony, although the tricks of nature are said to be very wonderful. From a sincere love towards our neighbour, we have, therefore, taken up, for some time, our pen that had reposed since the battles of the leaguers above-mentioned, but shall attack only the asses who now-a-days wish to bestride Pegasus, in order to show their skill in high horsemanship. Wagner is fine, when the pure gold of his genius flashes out, free from dross. But when he introduces three different keys in the same bar, and moreover wanders about in his modulation, like some insane lover in St. James's Park—at which, by the way, weak-minded individuals are lost in wonder, as if Händel had not been acquainted with and employed this contrivance, a hundred years ago, whenever he considered it applicable, a fact of which these surprised gentlemen may convince themselves, by looking at his *Israel in Egypt*; or when, in 60 bars he treats us to about 56 bars of chords of the seventh, minor, major, and diminished, so that, in order to satisfy our desire of dissolution, we would fain be changed into a piece of butter upon a hot hob—then we are not at all for Wagner. Neither Meyerbeer nor Wagner is under the pure enthusiasm of our ancestors for art. Both are great artists, but we can perceive that they take great pains with their work, and this is a fault. Theodore Mundt makes the singer Guidetta say: "The works of art of the present day are, as a general rule, no longer innocent, and, therefore, no longer real works of art. The works of art of the age have become large mousetraps, in which we require a great deal of cheese in order to enable us to catch a great many mice. The public takes more readily to the rich cheese, than it would to the breast of a young goddess, if the latter were offered it."

It is very true that cheese is a good bait. Wagner's is toasted somewhat more than Meyerbeer's; this accounts for the number of persons caught by it. We will not, however, be too determined in our opposition, but restrain our reaction within reasonable bounds; *La délicatesse du goût est une première nuance de la sagesse*, and it is said that a little drop too much is not injurious to health, although we ourselves never advocate the principle.

## A DREAM OF DONNA ANNA.

(From the German of Hoffmann.)

IN THE STRANGER'S BOX, No. 23.

(Concluded from our last.)

I FELT so stifled in the close and sultry room! About midnight I seemed to hear your voice, my Theodore! You pronounced distinctly my name, and there seemed to be a rustling near the paper door. What should detain me from visiting once more the place of my singular adventure? Perhaps I shall see you and her who fills my whole being? How easy it is to carry the little table in there—and lights and my writing utensils! The butler is looking for me with the punch I ordered; he finds the room empty and the paper door open, and he follows me into the box and casts a doubtful look upon me. At a sign from me he puts the beverage upon the table, and withdraws with a question on his lips, looking round towards me. Turning my back upon him, I lean upon the edge of the box and look into the empty house, the architecture of which, magically illuminated by my two lights, projects in curious reflections strangely and fairy-like. The curtain is moved by the keen draught of air blowing through the theatre. What if it should rise? If Donna Anna, tormented by direful ghosts, should appear?—"Donna Anna," I call involuntarily. My voice dies away in the void space, but the spirits of the instruments awake in the orchestra—a singular tone comes trembling upward; it is as if the beloved name were whispered on it. I cannot repress an inward trembling, yet pleasantly it thrills through my nerves.

I became master of my mood, and feel disposed, at least, to point out to you, my Theodore, how I now seem to comprehend, for the first time, the glorious work of the Divine Master in its deeper characteristics. Only the poet understands the poet; only a romantic mind can enter the romantic; only the mind poetically exalted, that has received the consecration in the temple, can understand what the consecrated one speaks in the moment of inspiration. When we look upon the poem, *Don Juan*, without giving it a deeper meaning, when we look only on the historical part, we can hardly comprehend how Mozart could invent and set such music to it. A *bon-vivant*, who loves wine and women beyond measure, who wantonly invites to his merry supper the man of stone, representing the old father he had killed in defending his own life—certainly there is not much poetry in this; and, plainly spoken, such a man hardly deserves that the subterranean powers should select him as a choice specimen of Hell, and that the marble statue, animated by the departed spirit, should take the trouble to dismount to exhort the sinner in his last hour to repentance: and, that at last, the devil should send out his best fellows to effect his transportation into the infernal regions in the most horrible manner.

You can believe me, Theodore; Nature endowed Juan, as her darling child, with all that lifts man into nearer relationship with the divine—above the common herd, above the manufactured products which are tossed from the workshop like mere cyphers, that require another figure before them to make them of any value; with all that fitted him to conquer and to reign—a vigorous and splendid body; an organisation from which shone forth the spark that fell into his breast, kindling presentiments of the highest; a deep feeling, and a quickly grasping understanding. But such is the terrible consequences of the Fall, that the enemy retained the power of lurking in man's path, and laying wicked snares for him in that very striving for the highest in which he manifests his godlike nature. This conflict of the divine and the demonic powers produces the idea of the earthly; just as the victory won produces the idea of the super-earthly life. Don Juan was keenly alive to the claims upon life which his physical and mental constitution involved; and an ever-burning longing, with which his blood ran seething through his veins, urged him on, eagerly and with no rest, to seize upon all the shows of the earthly world, in the vain hope of finding satisfaction in them. No doubt, there is nothing here on earth which so intensifies man in his inmost nature as love—love, that working so powerfully and mysteriously, deranges and transfigures the inmost elements of our existence. What wonder, then, that Don Juan hoped to quench in love the yearning that so rent his breast, and that just here the devil threw the coil round his neck.

Through the arch-enemy's stratagem, the thought arose in Don Juan's mind, that, through the enjoyment of women, even here on earth might be realised what dwells in our breast only as a heavenly promise, and what constitutes that infinite longing which puts us in immediate communication with the super-earthly. Flying from one beautiful woman to another: enjoying their charms with intensest passion, to very satiety, intoxication, and distraction; ever believing himself

mistaken in his choice, and ever hoping to reach the ideal of final contentment, Don Juan could not but find all earthly life at last insipid and shallow; and having generally a contempt for men, he rose up in war against that which had been esteemed by him the highest of life's appearances, and which had so bitterly deceived him. Every enjoyment of woman was now no more a sensual gratification, but a wilful, impious scorn against nature and the Creator. A profound contempt for the common views of life, above which he felt himself exalted; and a bitter scorn for men, who, in happy love and in the civil marriage union, could at all expect fulfilment of the higher wishes which nature placed, with hostile purpose in our breast, instigated him, especially when such a relation was in question, to make war against it, and, by bringing ruin, boldly oppose the unknown, over-ruling power, that he looked upon as a malicious monster, carrying on a cruel play with the pitiable creatures of his mocking humour. Every ruin of a beloved future bride, every violent and total overthrow of the happiness of lovers, is for him a triumph over that hostile power, and carries him even more beyond this harrowing life—above nature—above the Creator.

And indeed he actually seeks to get beyond this life—but only to plunge into Orcus. The ruin of Donna Anna, with the attending circumstances, is his crowning achievement.

Donna Anna is—as regards nature's greatest favours—the counterpart to Don Juan. As Don Juan was originally a wonderfully vigorous and glorious man, so is she a divine woman, over whose pure mind the Evil One had no power. All the arts of fiendishness could destroy her only in an earthly point of view. As soon as Satan had accomplished this ruin, Hell, by the decree of Heaven, could no longer defer the execution of the office of vengeance. Don Juan mockingly invites the statue of the slain old man to a merry feast; and the glorified spirit, only now seeing through the fallen man and feeling pity for him, does not disdain, in terrible form, to exhort him to repent. But his soul is so corrupted and so distracted, that Heaven's bliss itself throws no ray of hope into his soul to kindle it for a better life.

You, no doubt, were surprised, my Theodore, that I spoke of Donna Anna's ruin. As well as I can at this hour, when thoughts and ideas, springing from my deepest soul, far out-soar all words, I will tell you briefly, how the whole relation of these two contending characters—Don Juan and Donna Anna—presents itself to my mind, through the music, without any reference to the text. I mentioned before that Donna Anna presents herself as the counterpart to Don Juan. What, if Donna Anna had been intended by Heaven to make Don Juan recognize, in love, which through Satan's arts destroyed him, the divine nature within him, and so rescue him from the despair of vain endeavours? But he saw her too late, at the time of his deepest corruption, when he could only conceive the fiendish desire of destroying her. She was not saved when he fled, the deed was done. The fire of superhuman passion, flames from the infernal deep, coursed through her veins, and made resistance vain. He alone, only Don Juan, could kindle in her the voluptuous frenzy, with which she received him in her arms, and which through the overpowering, destructive rage of fiendish spirits, committed the sin in her soul. When, after the accomplishment of the deed, he wanted to flee, then the thought of her ruin, like an awful monster breathing poisonous death, seized upon her with torturing pangs. Her father's death by the hand of Don Juan, her union with the cold, unmanly, and ordinary Don Ottavio, whom she at one time fancied that she loved,—even woe, raging in the depths of her soul with consuming fire, which flickering high at the moment of highest enjoyment, and is now burning like the glowing fire of destructive hatred,—all this lacerates her breast. She feels that Don Juan's destruction alone can give rest to her soul, anguished by deadly torments; but this rest is also her own early death. She, therefore, does not cease to call upon her ice-cold future bridegroom for vengeance; she herself pursues the traitor, and not until the subterranean powers have drawn him down to Orcus, does she grow calmer;—but she cannot yield to her future bridegroom, who urges their marriage, "*Lascia, o caro, un anno ancora, allo sfogo del mio cor!*" (Leave, dear friend, one year to the peace of my soul.) She will not survive this year; Don Ottavio will never possess her whose pure mind saved her from remaining the doomed bride of Satan.

How keenly in my inmost soul I felt all this through the heart-rending accents of the first recitative, and in the narration of the midnight surprise! Even the scene of Donna Anna in the second act, "*Crudele!*"—which apparently only refers to Don Ottavio, expresses, through secret insinuations and the most wonderful allusions, that state of mind which consumes all earthly happiness. And what is the meaning, even in the text, of the singular additional sentence, perhaps unconsciously thrown out by the poet, "*Forse un giorno il cielo ancora sentirà pietà di me!*" (Perhaps heaven will take pity on me)?

The clock strikes two. A warm electric breath glides over me,—I



perceive the delicate odour of fine Italian perfume, which made me, yesterday, first discover my fair neighbour; a feeling of delight, which I think I could only express by notes, comes over me. The air sweeps keener through the house—the strings of the piano in the orchestra are sounding. Oh, Heavens! I think I hear Anna's voice: "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio!" as if at a great distance, borne aloft on the wings of swelling notes from an aerial orchestra. Rise up before me, thou distant, unknown spirit-world—thou Dschinnistan full of glory—where all that has been promised here on earth has been fulfilled to the enchanted soul in inexpressible heavenly pain as well as the most ineffable joy! Let me enter into the circle of thy benific visions? Would that the god of dreams whom thou hast chosen, now as a terrible, and now as a friendly messenger to earthly men—would that, when sleep holds my body in leaden bonds, he might lead my spirit to the ethereal fields!

POSTSCRIPT.—Conversation at the Table d'Hôte at Noon.

WISE MAN WITH A SNUFF-BOX (giving it a loud rap).—It is, indeed, provoking, that one should have no true opera any more for some time to come! But that is the consequence of this detestable overacting.

MULATTO FACE.—Sure enough! I often told her so. The rôle of Donna Anna always affected her very much; and yesterday she was, indeed, like one possessed. I hear she lay in a swoon during the whole of the *entr'acte*, and that, in the scene in the second act, she even had attacks of hysterics.

INSIGNIFICANT MAN.—You don't say so!

MULATTO FACE.—Yes, indeed, and still would not leave the stage.

INSIGNIFICANT.—I trust the attacks are not dangerous; I hope we shall soon hear the Signora again!

WISE MAN WITH THE SNUFF-BOX (taking a pinch).—Hardly!—for the Signora died exactly at two o'clock this morning.

CECILIAN SOCIETY.—On Thursday se'nnight, the *Messiah* was given for the second time since Christmas. The principal vocalists were Miss Pringle, Miss Anne Cox, and Mr. Henry Buckland; Mr. Shoubridge had the *bdton*. The singing of Miss Anne Cox, in "Come unto Him" and "Thou didst not leave," elicited loud and well-merited applause. This young lady possesses a sweet, though not a powerful, soprano voice, and a pure and unaffected delivery. Mr. Henry Buckland was most successful in the bass song, "Why do the nations." The performance of the choruses was, on the whole, satisfactory, though we cannot say as much for the instrumentalists.

LOLA MONTES.—The *Sacramento Union* has a telegraphic despatch, dated Grass Valley, to the following effect:—"Our town was thrown into a state of ludicrous excitement this forenoon, by the appearance of Lola Montes rushing from her residence through Mill-street, towards Main-street, with a lady's riding-whip in one hand, and a copy of the *Telegraph* in the other, her eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, vowing vengeance on that scoundrel of an editor, etc. She met him at the Golden Gate Saloon—the crowd, who were on the *qui vive*, following in her footsteps. Lola struck at the editor with her whip, but he caught and wrested it from her before she could hit him a blow. She then applied woman's best weapon—her tongue. Meanwhile, her antagonist contented himself with keeping most insultingly cool. Finding all her endeavours powerless, the 'divine Lola' appealed to the miners, but the only response rendered was a shout of laughter. Mr. Shipley, the editor, then triumphantly retired, having, by his calmness, completely worn out his fair enemy. The immediate cause of the *fracas* was the appearance of sundry articles regarding the 'Lola-Montes-like insolence and effrontery of the Queen of Spain.' The entire scene was decidedly rich." Lola, in her own account of the affair, says—"I went forth—strong in the principles, as I have said, of Miss Lucy Stone and other strong-minded females—found this redoubtable man in the saloon, and as quick as a flash of lightning laid the said whip on his shoulder and head four times on my word of honour, before my enemy could remember that he was sitting on a chair. The lady of the Golden Gate Saloon was sitting on one side, a gentleman on the other; after having given him four good whippings, he got up and squared himself on the most improved Yankee Sullivan principles, and was preparing to give me a stunner in the eye. The spirit of my Irish ancestors (I being a kind of three-quarter breed of Irish, Spanish, and Scotch), took possession of my left hand, and upon the most improved Tom Hyer principles, before he could attain my eye, I took his, on which—thanks to some rings I had on at the time—I made a cutting impression."

## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I DID not send you any news last week, for, "Story! God bless you! I had none to tell, sir." However, the sky has now changed, and novelties rain in abundance. The first and chiefest is a new operetta at the Opéra-Comique, full of all the old gaiety, freshness, and *entrain*—"petillant d'esprit," and from the first note of the overture to the finale full of sparkling melody. *Le Chien du Jardinier* is the combined work of Messrs. Lockroy and Cormon, and M. Albert Grisar; the two first having written the *libretto*, and the last the music. It is acted and sung by Mesdames Lemercier and Lefebvre; Messrs. Faure and Fonchard. It is put on the stage to perfection, having actually been three months in rehearsal, and I am quite at a loss to whom to give the palm; to the authors who wrote the *libretto*, to the *maestro* who composed the music, or to the *artistes* who presented it to the public. It is a pastoral—an idyll—set to music, and there is probably no lyric theatre in Europe for which it is so completely fitted as the Opéra-Comique.

The curtain rises on a farm-yard, with barn and hen-roost on the right; on the left is seen the farm-house, clean, smiling, and fresh, the abode of Marcelle and her cousin Catherine. The window opens, and Marcelle appears, waiting for François, whose rustic head is soon seen peering above the wall. Seizing a rope attached to the barn, he lets himself down, and is under the window of his charming mistress. Her pleasant visage inspires his amorous mind, and seizing a ladder he places it against the low-tiled roof of the farm-house. The tiles give way under his weight, and the ladder goes through the window. François hides himself in the horse-trough, and Catherine, who owns the farm, issues forth, finishing her toilet, and demands of her cousin Marcelle whence comes all the noise. Marcelle, of course, is ignorant; but just then François, half drowned, takes breath, shows his head, and is immediately laid hold off by Catherine. She is then seized with all a woman's curiosity, and all a woman's coquetry, and sends off Marcelle on some errand, in order that she herself may interrogate François. François, nothing loth, describes how his young affections have been won by the charming hand and pretty foot of Marcelle; and Catherine forthwith pretends that she has sprained her ankle, in order that by leaning on François she may show her hand, and by showing the sprain display her foot and ankle. Here occurs a pretty and effective duet delightfully sung. François forgets Marcelle, who comes back despairing at the very moment that Justin arrives, he being the accepted lover of Catherine. Their various sensations are well described in a very dramatic quartette. Justin and Marcelle endeavour to console each other, but without effect, and François triumphs; but so foolish is he in his glee, that Catherine regrets her conquest, and determines to undo her work, which she had merely undertaken as a pastime. She takes the opportunity of effecting this on hearing a song, describing the situation in which she has placed herself, by grasping her cousin's lover and giving up her own. This, which gives the title to the piece, is written with great neatness and point.

The song, very well given by M. Faure, was unanimously enjoyed, and a large party in the house would gladly have heard it a third time. *De resto*, the whole of the music is suited to the piece. It is throughout rustic, gay, and lively. M. Grisar has obtained a deserved and legitimate success; and if four artists could be found on the English lyric stage who could interpret the music as it is given at Paris, I should prophecy as certain a success for a translation as I am satisfied it will have for many years at the Opéra-Comique. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* Who could play Catherine with the grace, *espièglerie*, and *naïveté*, of Madlle. Lefebvre? In her high Norman cap, and picturesque peasant dress, she charms you ere she opens her mouth; and from beginning to end her singing and acting are perfect. Madlle. Lemercier, as Marcelle, looked the fresh, healthy peasant-girl to the life. She was evidently delighted with the part, and had thoroughly well studied the music, which she sang like a true artist as she is. M. Faure sang and acted well as

Justin; and M. Ponchard looked as *bête* as could be wished in the part of François. I conclude as I began, by assuring you that a more perfect little gem than the *Chien du Jardinier* has never been produced before the public of the Opéra-Comique.

At the Grand-Opéra the *Huguenots* has again been given, with a happy improvement in the cast. The most unfortunate of Queens of Navarre, Mademoiselle Delly, "Pupil of M. Duprez," has returned to that obscurity from which she should never have emerged, and has been replaced by Mad. Angles Fortuni. You may remember that in my description of that lady's *début*, I foretold her success in this part. She has now attempted it, and my prophecy is fulfilled. Mad. Angles Fortuni sang the music with great facility and real artistic feeling; and although she speaks French with a strong accent, the public was delighted with her. As to Sophie Cruvelli I know not what to say. Criticism is both idle and useless. She has studied the part of Valentine so carefully, and with such success, and she has so completely vanquished whatever was crude in her acting, that her performance is now perfect. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* must bide its time, for there is little chance at present of the public getting tired of such a captivating Valentine.

I must now tell you of an engagement which came to my knowledge yesterday, and is probably more bizarre than anything which has been previously imagined. Mlle. Rachel has, for some time, been determined on making a tour in the United States; but the difficulty has been to find a speculator bold enough to give the enormous sum demanded for her services. Rachel, in Paris, has 38,000 francs (£1,520) for her six months' performances at the Théâtre Français; but away from this most attractive of capitals, she considers herself entitled to three times that amount, for one month's representations. At length the bold and enterprising man was found, and the preliminaries were arranged. Mlle. Rachel agreed to cross the Atlantic, and proceed to the United States for a term of one twelvemonth, receiving for her services 1,200,000 francs (£48,000), or 100,000 francs (£4,000) a month. Of this sum she demanded that 600,000 francs (£24,000), should be paid down in advance, and should belong absolutely to her family, in any case, whether she lived to fulfil her engagement or not. To this the *entrepreneur* objected, on the ground that she might die on the voyage, or before giving a single representation, in which case Rachel's family would have his money, and he would never have had her services. Rachel saw the force of this objection, and demanded time for consideration. This being agreed to, after a week's deliberation, she discovered a means of satisfying all parties, but one so droll and original, as could only have suggested itself to a woman, that woman a Frenchwoman, that Frenchwoman an actress, and that actress Rachel. She proposed that in case of her death, after the 600,000 francs were paid, and before the termination of the first six months, the speculator should have the right of embalming her body, and exhibiting it round all the cities of the Union in a *Théâtre Ardent* (transparency). "Thus," said she, "I shall perform my engagement, and you will have value received for your money. This engagement has been actually signed;\* but Rachel has no idea of being embalmed for the present, and fully intends to return home, with 1,200,000 francs added to her fortune.

Madame Ugalde performed an extraordinary *tour de force* at the Opéra-Comique, last Friday. Without previous study, and at six hours' notice, she sang the part of Isabelle in *Le Pré aux Clercs*, of course holding the book in her hands. She repeated it on Sunday, and then acted and sang, without book, to perfection. Mlle. Miolan, whose sudden "indisposition" was the cause of Mlle. Ugalde's appearance, will thus have leisure to recover completely.

\* The "speculator" must surely be Mr. P. T. Barnum.—Ed.

A SENSITIVE EAR.—The delicate and sensitive ear of Rameau led him sometimes to acts even of cruelty. One morning, a friend calling in, found his wife in tears because Rameau had thrown her little lap-dog out of the window. "True, very true," said Rameau, "I can not deny it; but, really it was quite intolerable, the beast barked so out of tune."

## SIGNOR AND MADAME RONCONI.

SOME friends of Madame Ronconi having obtained a copy of the following letter addressed by that lady to the Emperor of Russia, were injudicious enough to forward it for publication to several of the Parisian papers.

"SIRE,—I should personally have come to throw myself at the feet of your Majesty, to implore your justice, which, after that of the Almighty, can alone hear my complaint and see me righted, had not the greatest misery kept me here. Three years ago my husband, Georges Ronconi, after having degraded my domestic hearth by his way of life, heartlessly deserted me, and to indemnify me in some way for having prevented me from pursuing my theatrical career, made a settlement upon me, through M. Wenn, a notary in London, which was enough to render me independent. To this contract, sanctioned even before your Majesty's consul, he has never adhered. I would have brought my case before your Majesty's Imperial tribunal, and demanded its being put into force, but I have not the means. What can a poor woman do against a man who ridicules everything, and tramples under foot the most sacred duties? My sole hope is that the infallible justice of your Majesty may compel my husband to furnish me with the means of living. For, sire, after having sold everything, his agent has not given me a sou for the last three months—me, his legitimate wife before the Almighty and before the law. And yet my husband earns, 20,000 francs (£4800) a-year, and to pamper a mistress, forgets the duties of a husband and the honour of a man. Sire, your magnanimity is great! Deign to listen to the voice of a wretched woman, who, on her knees, implores of your Majesty justice and protection.

"GIOVANNA RONCONI.  
"Paris, 6th January, 1855. 45, Rue de la Victoire."

To the above letter M. Peigné, Signor Ronconi's solicitor, addressed the following reply, which was of course inserted by the same Editors who had opened their columns to the reclamation of that lady—

"Monsieur le Rédacteur.—My attention has been this moment attracted by the letter of Madame Ronconi published in your number of the 14th January. Signor Ronconi is in Russia; and if I was to await his answer, the accusation might be accepted for truth by many of your readers. As the solicitor of Signor Ronconi, I think it best to reply to Madame Ronconi, by enumerating the receipts signed by herself, in exchange for the sums of money her husband has transmitted her—1853, April, 2000 fr.; May, 2000; June, 2000; July, 2000; July (second payment), 1000; August and September, 2000; October, 1000; November, 1000; December, 1000; 1854—January and February, 2000; March, 1000; April, 1000; May, 1000; June and July, 2000; August, 1000; September, 1000; October and November, 1000; total, 24,000 francs. Yesterday, the 16th January, I received from Signor Ronconi a letter, which contained, *primo*, 2000 francs for Madame Ronconi, and, secondly, 8000 francs to pay debts contracted by Madame Ronconi, which makes the grand total 34,000 francs (£1,360).

"This has been the allowance to Madame Ronconi from April, 1853, to 15th of January, 1855. Having read Madame Ronconi's letter, however, I do not feel justified in giving the 2,000 francs now in my possession to herself, nor the 8,000 francs to her creditors. I conclude by begging you to announce, that Signor Ronconi wishes, as a man of heart and a man of honour, to pay all the debts incurred by him when the Théâtre-Italien was under his management, in 1848, and to settle with all his creditors, who may, therefore, forward me their accounts with a view to their liquidation.—I have the honour to be, Monsieur le Rédacteur, yours, etc.,  
PEIGNÉ, Solicitor of the Imperial Court.

"Paris, 17 Jan., 1855,

"31, Rue des Fossés, Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois."

The explanation of Mr. Peigné is calculated to give both pleasure and satisfaction to the friends and admirers of Signor Ronconi in this country.

HERR GOFFRIE'S LAST SOIRÉE, on Wednesday week, provided, as usual, an excellent programme, including a trio by Beethoven and one by Mendelssohn. The instrumental executants were Mlle. Graever, Messrs. Kjalmark, Goffrie, Paque, Herr Kettenus (a new arrival); the Brothers Holmes (violins); Mesdames Messent, Bauer, Mouat, Vernon, and Mr. G. Tedder (vocalists). The concert was good in all respects. Herr Goffrie deserves much praise for the spirited manner in which his soirées have been conducted. Messrs. Kjalmark and G. Russell were the conductors.



## PROVINCIAL.

**POCKLINGTON, YORKSHIRE.**—A concert was given in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday last, the 17th instant, by Mr. D. Lambert and Mr. Rayson. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Messrs. Smith, Barker, Rayson, and Lambert. Mr. Rayson presided at the piano-forte. The concert concluded with the National Anthem.

**WORCESTER.**—The annual Amateur Concert took place at the Music Hall on Tuesday, the 16th instant, which was attended with great success, and realized upwards of £100 for the Patriotic Fund. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags bearing the inscription of "Alma, Inkermann," etc., and evergreens. Mr. Done, the organist of the cathedral, was the conductor. Signor Vera accompanied several of the songs, and Mr. R. Blagrove directed the concertina performances. The singing of Miss Sandys and Mrs. Dudley Wards was much admired, and Miss Hassell's, Lady Georgina Lygon's, and Mr. Peel's solos were well performed. Between seven and eight hundred of the leading families of the county and city were present. In consequence of the committee being obliged to decline many applications for tickets, a second concert, with the same performers and programme, was given on Thursday, the 18th instant, for the benefit of the Distressed Weavers of Kidderminster, for which upwards of £50 was raised. The performances were given with still greater effect than at the first.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The Rev. T. Helmore delivered a lecture on Thursday evening "on Ecclesiastical Music," in the Assembly Rooms, Dee's Royal Hotel, to a crowded audience. The reverend lecturer showed the important place which music occupies in the services of the church, and lamented the neglect too common, and the want of knowledge too often shown, of the subject. He advocated the ancient, grave, and solemn style of music, in opposition to the secular and flimsy compositions generally heard in our churches. The lecture was illustrated in a very efficient manner by a full choir of volunteers, who undertook the office at short notice. Specimens were given of the Psalms and Gregorian chants, ancient hymns, motets, by Palestrina and Vittoria, and ancient Swedish Christmas Carols, which latter appeared to attract especial admiration.

**LEEDS.**—(From a Correspondent.)—The third Full Dress Concert of the third season of the Leeds Musical Union was given here on Monday, the 16th inst. The object for which the Musical Union was established (by Mr. Spark and other gentlemen), was to combine all the available vocal and instrumental local talent in the performance of the works of the great masters. It was never contemplated that this could be done without metropolitan assistance; but it was not intended by the first projectors of the undertaking to spend two-thirds of the subscriptions in paying "*prima donnas*," "*secondas*," tenors, and basses, to "let off" their everlasting Italian *cavatins*, *scenas*, ballads, etc., to a weak pianoforte accompaniment, whilst the members of the orchestra are ground down to the meanest terms, and obliged to perform hackneyed overtures, familiar choruses, the part of patient listeners, and, too often, applauding friends. During the present season the orchestra has not only been formed from "available local talent," and thereby made a party affair, but, with the exception of a trial of one of Beethoven's symphonies at the second concert, it has not been called upon to execute a single complete work. The programmes hitherto have been confined to "shreds and patches" of operas, and second and third-class music. At the last concert, which it was stated by the committee would probably be the "best the Society had ever given," the programme (ostentatiously displayed on gigantic placards), contained in the first part some fragments from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and in the second a miscellaneous selection. The chief feature, if we may judge by the applause, was Auber's chorus from *Gustavus*, "Long live the King," with which the occupants of the gallery were in ecstasies. The only instrumental pieces were the *Fidelio* overture, and the march from the *Prophète*, both of which were but indifferently played, though the band, as a whole, was really made up of good material, and capable of better things. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sedlatzek, Signor Benedetti, and

Herr Formes, all of whom, but especially the latter, sang well and afforded general satisfaction, notwithstanding the occasional difficulties they had to encounter from the unsteadiness of the band in the accompaniments. Mr. Willy, who led on the occasion, was of immense service in the orchestra. Mr. Burton, of the Choral Society, conducted. I may possibly trouble you on some future occasion on the subject of our People's Concerts here, at which the performance of great works are spiritedly carried on under the direction of Mr. Sparke, and also on Mr. Willy's admirable Quartet Concerts. The "Orchestral Union" performed here at the "People's" last Saturday, to a crowded audience. Mr. Frank Mori conducted. I understand that *Judas Maccabæus* is to be given for the benefit of the Royal Patriotic Fund very shortly.

**IBID.**—A dress concert was given on Thursday evening last in the Saloon of the Corn Exchange, by Miss Milner. The attendance was numerous. The pieces were selected with taste and well executed. Miss Milner was encored in "Why do I weep for thee," which she sung with feeling, and in "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*. The overture to *Masaniello* was played in a spirited manner. The concert concluded with "Partant pour la Syrie," and "God save the Queen."

**IBID.**—On Thursday evening, the 18th inst., Mr. Willy, the distinguished violinist, gave the first of a series of two quartet concerts at the Stock Exchange, when the amateurs of Leeds were afforded the rare satisfaction of hearing three quartets by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, in a first-rate style of performance. Mr. Willy's solo, by Kalliwoda, was received with loud and continued applause. In Mozart's pianoforte quartet in G minor, Mr. Spark, at the piano, was most effective. The last solo by Mr. Willy, in which the beautiful Irish melody, "My lodging is on the cold ground," was the principal theme, was an example of so much powers of execution, combined with such finish and purity of tone as failed not to elicit hearty marks of approval. The entertainment of the evening was varied by several songs sung by Miss Senior, a lady who appears to be rising in the estimation of the Leeds public, and deservedly. Mr. J. Pew was the second violin; Mr. Bowling, who is styled in Leeds "the Prince of Yorkshire violas," the tenor; and Mr. Priestley the violoncello. The concert was a most agreeable one. Mr. Willy's second concert will be given on the 29th inst.

**SHEFFIELD.**—(Jan. 20.)—Last night a vocal and instrumental concert was given in connexion with the Sheffield Athenæum, in the Music Hall, which appears now almost too small to contain the members of the institution and their friends. The caste consisted chiefly of the party so well known to the musical world as the Orchestral Union, with additions from the Royal Italian Opera and the Philharmonic societies, and with Miss Milner as the vocalist. In the unexplained absence of Mr. Mellon, the conductor, his office devolved upon Mr. Frank Mori, who sustained the arduous part carefully and well. The selection was admirable—the music good enough to please the most fastidious, yet of a sufficiently popular character to be universally pleasing. The performance opened with Rossini's favourite overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, very well and effectively given, as was also Beethoven's *Leonora*. It is difficult to criticise the efforts of such a band, except by wishing that there were more of them, yet the admirable balancing of the parts would almost cause us to regret any change. The gems of the first part were Mozart's delicious air, "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio," very feelingly sung by Miss Milner, and Spohr's dramatic concerto for the violin, played by Mr. H. C. Cooper in first-rate style. In the second part Miss Milner was encored in "Why do I weep for thee?" and also in "Lo, here the gentle lark!"—and Herr Hausman received a similar token of approbation in his violoncello fantasia, which, however, he seemed unwilling to comply with. The concert concluded with "God save the Queen," and "Partant pour la Syrie."—*Sheffield Independent*.

**GLOUCESTER.**—Willing, organist of the Foundling Hospital, London, gave an organ performance at the Shire Hall, on Thursday evening, the 18th instant—the proceeds to be devoted to the Patriotic Fund.

## FOREIGN.

**HAMBURG.**—The erroneous notion that England is at present poor in musical talent has been triumphantly disproved. Arabella Goddard, an English pianist, played at the last Philharmonic Concert and created a *furor*. Arabella Goddard, with whose fame the English papers have been filled for some years past, and who is generally called upon to heighten by her talent the attractions of concerts in the fashionable world, and the principal musical entertainments, was, up to the present time, little known in Germany. She gave a few concerts in Stuttgart, Augsburg, and Munich, and afterwards appeared at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts. The young artist, who is under twenty years of age, was born in France, her parents having resided in Paris until the Revolution of 1848, since which period they have lived in London. Outward and inward excellence are most gracefully united in her case. She presents the most perfect picture of tender, kind good nature, when seated at the instrument, which, however, is completely under her command. To the most classical and perfect technical skill she adds geniality of conception and a freshness of expression, reminding one of the youngest and most charming of German pianists, whom, perhaps, she surpasses in clearness and delicacy. Besides Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, she played, on Saturday, in the most perfectly beautiful manner, a *fantasia* by Thalberg, to which, after being enthusiastically encoored, she added, Stephen Heller's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" improvisation on one of Mendelssohn's beautiful airs. We hope we shall not be accounted indiscreet if we subjoin the opinion of an experienced master on the young artist. Capellmeister Lindpaintner of Stuttgart recommended her to one of the first musical notabilities of Berlin, in the following words:—"I accompanied her in London four times in grand concertos (Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett) in the New Philharmonic Society, and was so deeply affected by her fire, technical skill, intellect, and good taste, that I exclaimed, on several occasions, 'C'est une Satane sous les formes d'un ange.' She plays everything, from Bach to Chopin, equally well. But what excited my admiration the most, was her execution of Beethoven's last sonata in B flat (Op. 16), which she played from memory." The artistically educated public of Berlin will be instrumental in establishing on a still firmer basis the reputation of this young artist, and duly appreciating her superiority and peculiarities. The third Philharmonic Concert on the 13th inst. It begun with a new symphony in E flat, by our compatriot L. Lee. The directors merit the thanks of all lovers of music, since they never hold back when their assistance is required by a talented fellow-townsmen. This readiness on their side has not been unrewarded. The composition which Herr Lee, as conductor, himself introduced to our notice, contains so much that is good, that in spite of its length, it succeeded in rivetting the attention of the audience. The Scherzo is the best movement. The composer, who conducts well, was, however, greatly indebted to the members of the orchestra, who displayed more than ordinary zeal, thus contributing their share to the success achieved by the work. After the symphony came two excellent solo players. Miss Arabella Goddard performed Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, with as much fine and delicate expression of feeling as finished technical skill, proving that England can produce great *virtuosi* as well as other countries. The enormous certainty and dexterity of her playing harmonized most satisfactorily with the truly plastic calm, which did not one moment desert her. This calm bears perhaps some analogy to the death-despising coolness with which the English Regiments quietly stormed the heights of Alma (!) but in no degree acted prejudicially on the power of the soul to devote itself fully to the composition, or, in other words, on the poetical element. This was particularly apparent in the *Lied* which the gentle artist added as a free offering to the enthusiastically excited audience. The other soloist, Herr Hildebrand Romberg, does not require our praise . . . The concert was brought to a close by Beethoven's symphony in C minor.—*Hamburger Correspondent*.

**COLOGNE.**—Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* was given for the first time in this town on the 11th inst. The house was but poorly attended, and the applause anything but enthusiastic.

**DARMSTADT.**—On the 27th ult., a new opera, *Die letzten Tage von Pompeji* (*The Last Days of Pompeii*), was produced. The music, by the Rev. Peter Müller, Pastor of Staden, in the Hessian Wetterau, a man of advanced age, possesses considerable merit. It is to be regretted, however, that the composer has paid so little attention to the works of the last fifty years, and the progress made from that period in the art of instrumentation. The *libretto*, by the son of the composer, is a poor affair. Mdlle. Emilie Krall has been very successful in Mr. Balfe's *Zigeunerin* (*Bohemian Girl*).

**MANNHEIM.**—The new theatre will shortly be opened with *Die Zauberflöte*.

**MUNICH.**—A new operetta, *Die Untersberger Mann'n*, illustrating Bavarian national manners, has been successful. The music is by Herr von Perfall, and the *libretto* by Herr Franz von Kobell.

**ROTTERDAM.**—The Netherlands Society for the Advancement of Music has lately elected the following artists as members:—M. Hector Berlioz, Dr. F. Liszt, Herr Richard Wagner, Herr Robert Schumann, Mad. Clara Schumann, Mr. Henry Litolf, Herr Taubert, and Herr Dorn (of Berlin); Herr Smits (Amsterdam); Herr Cossemaker, Mr. Macfarren (London); Sig. Santini (Rome); Herr Dupont (Detmold); and Herr van Eycken (Elberfeld).

**VIENNA.**—(From our own Correspondent).—The only novelty at the Imperial Opera-house, has been the appearance of Mdlle. Schmidt from Gratz, as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, and Alice in *Robert le Diable*. She was a failure. A new quartet, by Herr Grutsch, was performed at the fifth of the Hellmesberger quartet soirées. It pleased very little. The other pieces in the programme were Beethoven's trio in B flat for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and Mendelssohn's posthumous quintet in B, the same key. M. Lacombe, the French musician, gave his third concert on the 14th inst., and played several of his own compositions. The room presented a very empty appearance.

**BERLIN.**—(From our own Correspondent).—*La Sonnambula* was to have been performed at the Royal Opera-house, but, on account of the sudden indisposition of Mdlle. Agnes Büry, *Fidelio* was substituted. The first series of the *Sinfonie-Soirées* was brought to a close, last week, by the sixth concert. The programme included Mendelssohn's symphony in A, Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*, and an overture to *Maria Stuart*, by a young living composer, Herr Vierling, which was well received. The concert went off with great *éclat*. Mad. Parish Alvars' concert was attended by some of the most fashionable *dilettanti*. Herr Steifensand gave a *matinée* at his own residence, and, with Herr Ries and Dr. Bruns, performed Mendelssohn's trio in C minor. He afterwards played, alone, Beethoven's *fantasia* for the piano, Op. 77, which is seldom heard. Herr Kéler Bela has received a gold medal, accompanied by a letter, from the Duke of Anhalt Dessau, for a march in honour of the marriage of the Princess Maria Anna with Prince Friedrich Carl of Prussia. The Capellmeister of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment is at Coblenz, to arrange the music of the liturgy in the court and military protestant church, as it is sung in the Domkirche of Berlin. Herr Bazzini has gone to Hanover.

**NEW YORK.**—(Jan. 4.)—Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, with the remainder of their company, have sung their last in New-York for the present. There has been no novelty, with the exception of *Don Pasquale*, the favourite comic opera of Donizetti. Signor Susini, who was to have assumed the character of the old be-fooled Don, was so unwell as to be unable to sing; but his place was very ably filled by Signor Rocco. Signor Badiali was good, as he always is. Madame Grisi was most excellent as the lively widow. Her acting throughout was fascinating; especially the change from the bashful, modest, young girl, who had never before left her convent, to the termagant and scold. Signor Mario had a cold, and of course could not exert himself in the least, except in the beautiful serenade, and the duo following with Madame Grisi. And thus closes an engagement which has not been successful, in pecuniary respects.

On Christmas evening, the management gave Händel's *Messiah* at the Academy of Music, having secured the services of the New York Harmonic Society. The solos were sustained by Mrs. Stuart, Miss Brainard, and Madame Vietti-Vertiprach, Mr. Johnson, and Signor Badiali.



The English Opera Company at Niblo's have continued their performances to only tolerable houses. The only new opera in which they have sung since our last is Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, which we have as yet not found time to hear. We understand that the engagement of this company has not been found as profitable as was anticipated, and will consequently soon close.

Of the performance of the music of the *Beggar's Opera* there is very little to be said. Neither Miss Louisa Pyne nor Mr. Harrison seem to have the least conception of their roles. Miss Louisa sang and acted precisely as she did in *Sonnambula*, *Maritana*, etc.; and Mr. Harrison, dress him as you please, is always Mr. Harrison. Of course, there was some music introduced for Miss Pyne's trills, runs, and scales.

Mr. Eisfeld, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, has given his second *soirée*. Quartets by Ries and Haydn were very well performed, and Beethoven's sonata in A, for pianoforte and violin, was well rendered by Messrs. Hoffman and Burke. Mrs. Stuart sang an aria by Spohr, and a cavatina from Mercadante. There was a full house.—*New York Musical Review*.

## REVIEWS.

"AMAMI"—romanza; "IL MARINARO"—barcarola; "IO T'AMERO"—romanza; "LA PRIMA LAGRIMA"—romanza; "VOLA IL TEMPO"—romanza. Music by Sig. Campana. Boosey and Sons.

These are of the better sort of Italian drawing-room music, in the manner of that graceful composer, Sig. Gordigiani, though seldom so happily inspired. They are well written, and fluent, and have that easy *for niente* air about them which is rarely unattractive, and which is the special characteristic of Sig. Campana's countrymen. Such music is sung and played with as much facility as it is produced; and as there can be little doubt that the author found pleasure in making (we can hardly say *inventing*) them, so we may assure him that few can listen to them without a certain degree of pleasurable emotion. The epithet "pretty" may be fairly applied to all the five; but one or two of the set are pretty, and something besides. We would especially call attention to "Amami," an extremely elegant *romanza*, composed expressly for Sig. Mario, and perfectly suited to the style of that accomplished tenor. The accompaniment to this is unaffected, and at the same time artistic. The *barcarola*, "Il Marinaro," dedicated to Sig. Belletti, the well-known barytone, is also worthy notice, as a pure Neapolitan melody, lively and catching. The *coda* "La, la, la, ra, la, la," is piquant and effective. The *romanza*, "Io t'amerò," however, which will suit the majority of voices, is the chastest melody of the whole; and if Sig. Campana would change the position of the common chords in the bass at the top of page 2, in the first two bars—so as to avoid fifths and octaves—it would be as correct as it is chaste. The *romanza*, "La prima lagrima," is more pretensions than the other; but though it has some good points, we also find it more common-place. It contains, moreover (instance the chords at the foot of page 4—A flat, F, A flat, F—and elsewhere), reminiscences of the "Soirées" of Rossini, which are anything rather than improvements on the original. The *romanza*, "Vola il tempo," commences, gloomily enough, in the minor key; but the melody, in F major, to the words, "Vola il Tempo e l'Uom rimuta," etc., is broad and flowing. Altogether, these little songs have decided merit, and well deserve attention. They are quite as well suited for school-teaching as for holiday recreation.

"MY FIRST SEASON," Six Operatic Souvenirs. No. 1—La *Sonnambula*; 2—Rigoletto; 3—Les *Huguenots*; 4—I *Puritani*; 5—Don *Pasquale*; 6—Charles. W. Glover. Metzler and Co.

Mr. Glover has chosen an appropriate title for his little effusions. No young lady of the most limited capacity would indulge her friends to these six pieces after her first season. She would have heard the "Operatic Souvenirs" so many hundreds of times in one form or the other that no doubt she would seek for something less common-place than Mr. Glover's arrangements of them. When will our composers write tunes, instead of introductions and variations to Italian arias? We believe the sun never rises but on some new arrangement of "La Donna e Mobile" and the finale to *La Sonnambula*. We are really tired of the fantasia generation, and unless our friends can present us with a really fresh brushing up of threadbare operatic melodies, we caution them against falling foul of our indignation. It is quite time for the Bond-street manipulators to leave off playing the changes on Bellini and Donizetti, and we may add "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." There is a report that one publisher of conspicuous energy employs every arranger and composer who falls into

his hands to "do" these national themes for the pianoforte, as experiments of his popularity. We trust that the story is not true, or that the publisher's judgment is wrong. Surely the taste of the public is not so contracted as to preclude their appreciating new ideas, which the music-sellers' schemes would seem to favour.

"UNA SERA D'AMORE"—*Notturmo a due voci*; "MADRE DEL SOMMO AMORE"—*Terzettino*; "LE DUE FANCIULLE"—*Duetto*. Music by Signor Campana. Boosey and Sons.

What has been said of the songs above applies just as well to those light and pretty concerted pieces. The most attractive of them, in our opinion, is the little duet in D—"Le due Fanciulle"—which is extremely simple, but extremely pleasing. The longest—"Madre del Sommo Amore"—holds out promise of more than it accomplishes. The theme would have well suited a *round*, or "canon," as it is called; but Signor Campana has not exerted much ingenuity in its development. The *terzettino*, however, is voiced with skill, and contains some graceful passages, among which may be cited the whole of the episode in E minor, beginning on the words—"Vogli all' afflito"—which displays very considerable musical sentiment. The *notturmo* for two voices—"Una Sera d'Amore"—in D flat, is of the Rossinian cast, and by no means without merit. But in the next edition Sig. Campana will do wisely to alter the position of the harmony, in bars 2 and 3, page 1, line the last, where consecutive octaves (D E—D E) occur, between the top voice part and the bass. No spots should be left on such elegant miniatures.

M. MEYERBEER is at present in Dresden, superintending the rehearsal of his last *chef-d'œuvre*, the semi-comic opera of *L'Etoile du Nord*, which is to be produced with unusual splendour and completeness.

MUSIC "LAID ON" LIKE GAS.—At the Polytechnic, a band playing in a distant apartment is unheard; but connect the different instruments, by means of thin rods of wood, each with the sounding board of a harp in the lecture theatre, and the music is audible to all as if it were present. The experiments prove, what we have often speculated on, that music might be laid on to the houses of a town from a central source, like gas or water. A well-known joker, at the private view, proposed the establishment of a "band-ditty" company on the spot.—*The Builder*.

STOLEN MUSIC PAPER.—Mrs. Dale, the wife of a beer-house keeper, in Turner-street, was placed before the city magistrates, charged with being in possession of a large quantity of music paper, which had been stolen from the London and North-Western Railway Company. It had arrived in Manchester on the 16th of November, addressed to Messrs Hime and Addison, and was stolen from the station on the following day. Mrs. Dale stated that a man brought a parcel to the house, and agreed to lodge there. He borrowed ten shillings, and left the parcel as security; he did not return, and then for the first time she ascertained what the bundle consisted of. As he did not come for it, her husband told her to sell it. Mr. Rigge, on behalf of the prisoner, said that some of the paper had been sent to a regular auctioneer for sale. Mrs. Dale, on her own recognizances, was remanded for a week.

THE MUSIC OF THE POLITICAL SPHERES.—On the proposition of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, a clause has been inserted in the Bribery Bill to prevent the employment of bands of music at elections. This arrangement will be rather hard on all the trumpets, trombones, and other "brazen engines whose rude throats" have been hitherto employed in providing a sort of nominal harmony at a contested election. We think that all the Green Baize bands in the kingdom are entitled to ask for compensation for the loss they will sustain by this rather harsh enactment. A band was a most useful appendage at a contested election, for even the most short-winded of brazen instruments was preferable to the long-winded and equally brazen of those who are in the habit of making themselves the instruments of rival candidates. A bad polka is always better than a bad speech, and we would rather hear even Mendelssohn murdered on the ophecleide than Lindley Murray murdered on the hustings. As the bribery bill is intended to prevent candidates from paying, as they have formerly done, to a pretty tune, it is perhaps thought that by doing away with bands, a stop will be put to the practice of paying to any tune whatever.—*Punch*.

## NOTICE.

*In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of THE MUSICAL WORLD, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.*

*It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the Musical World, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.*

*CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.*

**TO ORGANISTS.**—*The articles on the new organs, published in the volume for 1854, will be found in the following numbers: 28 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BAND.**—*Had not TRUTH better wait to see if any answer is given to the communication from A CHORUS SINGER and himself, before he pursues the matter further for the present?*

**ONE OF COSTA'S ORCHESTRA.**—*We cannot print the letter without the name and address of the writer—"not necessarily," we repeat, "for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." If our correspondents will place no trust in us, how is it to be supposed that we can place any in them?*

**FANATICO.**—*The Royal Italian Opera will open this season, and most probably with Sig. Verdi's new opera, Il Trovatore.*

**VIOLINO.**—*Archangelo Correlli died in Paris, on the 18th of January, 1713, and was buried in the Panthéon. Our Correspondent is, therefore, nearly half a century wrong.*

**AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.**—*Mr. Sterndale Bennett has published four concertos—No. 1, in D minor; No. 2, in E flat; No. 3, in C minor; No. 4, in F minor. He has played two others, in F minor and A minor, which have never been published. The two performed by Miss Arabella Goddard at Exeter Hall, for the New Philharmonic Society and the Harmonic Union, were Nos. 3 and 4. She has not played the No. 2. We believe Mr. Bennett has never composed either a violin concerto, or a quartet; but he has written six symphonies, and a great many concert-overtures.*

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27TH, 1855.

As many unfounded reports are current about the causes that may have induced Sig. Costa to resign the conductorship of the Philharmonic Concerts, it is well to make known what we have heard stated on good authority as the real and only motive of his secession. There has been no "passage of arms" (which some imagined) either against the directors as a body, or any of them individually. Not even has a difference of opinion arisen (which many surmised), on any point of importance, between the "Seven" and their ex-conductor. On the contrary, there was never (which few believed) a more perfect unanimity. And, indeed, a glance at the names of the committee of management will at once convince those at all acquainted with Philharmonic policy and obsequence, that the *Senatus* of His Majesty, Louis Napoleon, would not be likely to exhibit a more passive obedience to the Imperial will than the body legislative of Hanover-square to the behests of the Orches-

tral Autocrat. On this point, therefore, there can be no suspicions. "L'Etat—c'est moi!"—said Louis XIV. "I am the Philharmonic!"—thought Michael Costa, and with not less reason.

Rumour again led people to believe, that ill health and excessive fatigue had led Sig. Costa, after a long and obstinate struggle, to the determination of abandoning some portion of his arduous professional labours. But this on dit was no better warranted than the others. Sig. Costa was never in ruder health, never stouter, never in higher spirits, never more active, regular, unbending and expeditious at rehearsals. Besides, if Sig. Costa was desirous of recruiting his physical forces by a partial diminution of his responsibilities, he would scarcely have begun with the Philharmonic Concerts, the direction of which, it is notorious, was with him a favourite pastime and a recreation. Sig. Costa loves a symphony just as "Tommy Moore" loved "a lord." You may know a man by the company he keeps. About the symphonies of the great masters there is a certain odour of aristocracy, which it is as well to wear on your sleeve, if not in your heart. Symphonies are good company, not to be acquainted with which argues *mauvais ton*. This would have ill-befitted Sig. Costa, who, being wise as well as aspiring, proceeded to the Philharmonic, waved his wand, and became incontinently familiar with all "the Nine." It was now "Hail, fellow, well met!" between the Italian and the Teutons (Titans!) Sig. Costa had lifted his arm, if not his soul, to Beethoven. Moreover, what were eight concerts, eight rehearsals, and seven directors (*huis-clos*), to so indomitable a spirit and so fierce a stick? What but mere child's play? Had Sig. Costa entertained an idea of drawing upon the future for a slice of the *otium* he is destined to enjoy "with dignity," he would have gone at once to the fountain-head and "broke" with Mr. Gye and the Italian Opera; or at least have retired upon half-pay from the command of the "700" (including 16 double-basses) at Exeter Hall. For these are onerous duties in comparison with beating time in the Hanover Square Rooms to the flowing measures of Beethoven and Mozart. Ill health and fatigue had therefore nothing to do with the matter—no more than want of exercise on foot or horseback, vapour baths, cold water, or Dr. Roth's gymnastics. A more general but just as baseless rumour insinuated that the frequent attendance of Sig. Costa in the palaces of Osborne, Windsor, and Buckingham—at the joint desire of the Queen and Prince, who are known to be extremely partial to the illustrious foreigner (no prophet, by the way, in his own country, nor any great pet of King Bomba's)—engrossed so much of his time, that he had little or none to bestow elsewhere, and was about to vanish, like a dying meteor, from the atmosphere of public life. Not so. Sig. Costa can find time for his Palatial duties, for the oratorios in the Strand, for the operas in the Garden, and for the *soirées* of Nobility; but not for the Philharmonic Concerts. This may seem a paradox, since the "Philharmonic" absorbs less time and pains than the rest; but what then?—why not a paradox?—are we all so logical in this little world of music?

There is, however, yet another bruit—for Rumour has many tongues, and can wag them all together—a bruit, which, even in the face of paradox, we are inclined to believe, has some foundation. Signor Costa requires time for a special purpose. He cannot give up Exeter Hall, since the study of Händel and Mendelssohn is *now* his chief delight; nor the Royal Italian Opera, since the appointment is a fat one and brings



wine and olives. He cannot shun palaces, for it is well to be well seen of princes, if not well to put faith in them; nor refuse to direct the *sourees* of the *élite*, since a mint of money is involved in that.

But the conductorship of the Philharmonic Concerts was simply a post of honour, which—although Signor Costa sacrificed Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1845, that he might be at liberty to accept (having committed himself already to the scheme of the Persiani opposition at Covent Garden Theatre),—was to be accounted as a straw in the balance. The sacrifice of the Haymarket was no sacrifice at all, since the appointments of Signor Costa (somewhat diminished since), as "Director of the Music, Conductor, and Composer," at the newly-created Royal Italian Opera, were nearly double what he received from Mr. Lumley. The Market was less profitable than the Garden; and Signor Costa preferred the fruit to the straw. He liked better to be comforted with apples than fed upon chaff; and he was right. But now, the end attained, the symphonies known and ransacked of their treasures, nothing was left but an empty post of honour; and a junction having arisen which entailed upon Signor Costa the necessity of declaring the price he set upon it, we are hardly surprised to find it down at zero.

After all, 120 guineas, for eight concerts and eight rehearsals, was a low figure for one like Signor Costa, who has done so much to sustain the tottering fortunes of the Society. Mendelssohn, when he conducted six concerts and rehearsals (in 1844—the most prosperous season ever known), received 30 guineas for each. But Mendelssohn was a non-resident, who came from Leipsic expressly; and there was no restriction then, as now, against vesting the *bâton* in any native or foreign musician who might be *resident in England*. (Eccleston Square is not at Pimlico, but at Naples).

We have yet to state, however, the nature of the rumour which we consider well-founded. It is briefly this. Signor Costa has been for some time engaged in the composition of an oratorio, which was planned and partly completed in the Isle of Wight. This oratorio accepted (probably demanded) by the committee of the Birmingham Festival, is to be performed on the 30th of August, 1855, at the Town-Hall. M. Meyerbeer having declined to produce an oratorio immediately in the wake of *Elijah*, Signor Costa, less doubtful of his resources, consented. *Voilà tout*.

MR. ANDERSON, Director of the Philharmonic Society, has returned from Zurich, in Switzerland. His mission has been successful. Herr Richard Wagner has agreed to conduct the first series of eight concerts, for a consideration of £200, on the strength of which he intends henceforth residing in England, with his family. Among the attractions of the season will, no doubt, be comprised large slices from *Cola Rienzi*, *The Flying Captain*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, &c.—besides an *Apparition* or so of Franz Liszt, the Herald who has blown the trumpet and cracked his cheeks on behalf of the Music of the Future. Herr Wagner will have a broad field for his speculations in this free country, where any one may think and write as he pleases. Now is the time for an adventurous publisher (Mr. Sampson Low?) to translate and print "the tracts." The new Gospel of Harmony, the Gospel of St Richard, should be preached in advance; or when the apostle comes he may not be understood. That would be a pity. We are doing our best for him, with the assistance of one of our most valued contributors, whose translations of Herr Sobolewski's *Reactionary*

*Letters* will be devoured with a keener appetite since that the result of the Philharmonic mission has come to light.

If Wagner conquers England, and wins the heart of John Bull, he will accomplish what his prophet, Liszt, could not—even in his prime, before his hair

"Was greyly scattered o'er his thoughtful brow."

The Philharmonic Directors must be up and stirring. They have got Richard, and must make the most of him. We already read, in the *Daily News*, that half Germany is pitted against the other half, in a contest about his merits. But this is only half and half. The Society must go to work stoutly—XXX and wholesale. What is the use of a lettered secretary—one who writes English as well and to the point as Kohler, Pohl, Brendel, Liszt, or any, of the tractarians? Let the book of *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* be put into his hands, reduced into vernacular, and published in the *Illustrated London News*, with portraits of Herr Wagner, his herald and his apostles. The book of *Opéra et Drame* may follow, when a clear understanding has been come to with Mr. E. T. Smith, who yearns for some startling novelty, to replace the pantomime and stop up the gap which has been left by G. V. B.

Our readers may not be acquainted with the philosophic system of Herr Richard Wagner. It is simply this. Where there is a concurrence of arts, in a work of art, no one art must be "insulted" by being assigned a position subordinate to the rest. Thus, in an opera, the poet, the scene painter, the decorator, the *costumier*, the machinist, the dancing-master, and the composer must all play an equal part, so that they may march from the theatre, arm in arm, thoroughly satisfied with each other and themselves, assured that not one of the "seven" has done more or less than the others to delight and edify the public. On this plan the seven directors of the Philharmonic might concoct a *Lohengrin* among them.

The manner in which Herr Wagner carries out his system is peculiar. It is not with him, in the language of Wordsworth—

"We are seven—"

but, simply, *I am seven!* Herr Wagner is his own poet, scene-painter, decorator, *costumier*, machinist, dancing-master, and musician. Like Hercules, he performs all the seven labours himself; and this is why he will not have any of the arts he represents "insulted" by being made subordinate. His own dancing-master, he cannot sanction the prostration of Terpsichore at the altar of Euterpe—respecting himself not less highly as an inventor of *pirouettes* than as a composer of music. Moreover, Herr Wagner is his own *chef-d'orchestre*, and knows how to conduct himself; and finally, being his own critic and historian, he is better able to give an account of himself and his works than any of the profound calumniators of the pen, mis-termed "*Aristarchi*."

The disciples of Herr Wagner, who help to spread his doctrine, and write books, are fond of styling him the great "word-painter" (why not word-composer, word-dresser, word-decorator, word-maker, or word-caperer, as well?) This same word-painting, about which such a fuss is made, is the soul of that system of equality of arts, whereof the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* is the Koran. To every word and syllable there must be an exact equivalent of music, nor more nor less; or else Wagner the poet would be apt to charge Wagner the musician with impertinence. Every personage in the septology, moreover, must have a certain musical phrase, to mark his coming and his going, whenever he comes and goes; and this musical phrase belongs to that personage and

to no other. It is a pity that Herr Wagner cannot add acting and singing to his accomplishments (dancing and fiddling it would be preposterous to expect). He might then play all the parts, and a perfect *Lohengrin* be anticipated.

However, *finis coronat opus*. We shall see what we shall see. In an elaborate panegyric of Hector Berlioz, Herr Wagner concludes with this desolating sentence:—"What a pity he is *not* a musician!" Were we to write the panegyric of Richard Wagner, seven in one, we might conclude with greater justice, in another style:—"What a pity he *is* a musician!"

THE directors of that pocket and patent Society styled the *Réunion des Arts* have again addressed their subscribers, soliciting their continued support and gratitude in the year 1855. The *résumé* of the season of 1854 enumerates the names of the painters, composers, and performers, who have contributed to the "amusement and instruction of the members." The directors are confident of their attractions and "feel sure that this *résumé* will be the best comment on the aims of the committee of management, and the best reply to those who imagine that two seasons are sufficient to create an Utopia." From this statement we may infer that the directors have been anxious to create "an Utopia," but that some eager friends have complained of the length of the process. We are sorry to hear, nevertheless, that the two seasons have been unfavourable to the growth of the scheme, and we hope that the weather in the approaching season may be more propitious.

The directors go on to say,—

"That if any shortcomings have been felt in one department, they have been more than balanced in another; as for instance, though painting and sculpture may not have been so largely represented as the committee had hoped and wished them to be, the musical world has had no cause for complaint."

Then follows a list of artists and executants, "whose valuable aid is briefly but gratefully acknowledged by the committee of management." Judging from the list of artists, we should have said that painting and sculpture have had the best of it, and that music might have some cause to complain, notwithstanding the off-hand and satisfactory conclusion to which the prospectus arrives on the point. The *Réunion des Arts*, however, is instituted "not as a school of art, least of all as a school of any one art in preference to others, but as a centre, to which all may alike converge." In the forthcoming season it is hoped the directors may be enabled "more fully to realize the idea of the *refined and refining* social meeting, indicated by the title of the Society."

There is no fear of the *Réunion des Arts* becoming a school of any kind of music, at all events. The "refined and refining" character of the *soirées* may be variously interpreted. The composer who played his own inspirations, and acted an officious part at every *soirée*, would, no doubt, think he was "refining" his friends. But the musician who frequented the *Réunion des Arts* in the hope of hearing something novel and intellectual, might possibly be bored rather than edified ("refined") by the exertions of his fellow-professor. However, though we do not view the *Réunion des Arts* in the light of an important institution, we think it might be made an agreeable and useful one; and we shall be pleased to see some attempt at carrying out effectively the objects for which the Society was established, and which constitute the claims on the strength whereof the services and subscriptions of the profession are demanded.

#### M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

It was hardly to be supposed that the "Mozart Night" would not prove quite as attractive as those devoted to Beethoven and Mendelssohn, at M. Jullien's Concerts. There is no name in music which addresses itself more powerfully and universally than that of Mozart in appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect. From infancy his melodies are made familiar to us; they are hummed at our cradles, taught us at schools, sung at our theatres, and made the groundwork of our musical appreciation. As soon as we learn anything of music, we are taught to believe—as part of our creed—that *Don Giovanni* is the most perfect and exquisite of operas; that Mozart's symphonies are unsurpassed for ingenuity and beauty combined; that his sonatas are among the most charming ever written for the piano; that he himself was the most profound as well as the most inspired of musicians. It is only when, more late, we become deeper versed in the beauties and powers of other composers, that we feel at all inclined to allow any other musician a place by his side. With the general musical public, there is no doubt that the name of Mozart has a charm beyond that of any other. Time and rivalry seem only to have confirmed more incontestably his genius, and increased the number of his admirers. Knowing this, and feeling its truth, it would have been impolitic in M. Jullien to have omitted the name of Mozart from his special "classical" performances. The enormous crowd that assembled on Tuesday—the "Mozart night"—at Covent Garden, was a proof of it.

A better selection—even from a composer whose works are so uniformly good—could hardly have been made. If there were any fault—to be hypercritical—it was, perhaps, the introduction of two entire symphonies in the first part of an evening's entertainment. That, however, was counterbalanced by Madame Pleyel and Herr Ernst executing together a sonata for pianoforte and violin, in place of the two concertos, ordinarily introduced on the Beethoven and Mendelssohn nights—which compensated for what would otherwise have been a surfeit of good things. The symphonies were the one in E flat, and the *Jupiter*. The rest of the programme comprised the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*; the sonata in E flat for pianoforte and violin; and the well-known *contralto* song, "L'Addio," which was assigned to Miss Dolby. Here was a store of beauties, enough to gratify the veriest musical gourmand. The auditors, though "packed" rather than crowded, were unanimously delighted, and showed as much discrimination as attention. The overture was received with a genuine burst of applause; and the *minuetto* in the E flat symphony was encored with enthusiasm. Indeed both symphonies were received throughout with perfect satisfaction, and appeared to have been thoroughly enjoyed. The slow movement in the *Jupiter* symphony narrowly escaped an encore. This exquisite movement—acknowledged to be one of the finest ever written by any composer—was played inimitably. The perfection of the wind instruments was beyond praise. We have not heard their performances surpassed by any orchestra, and seldom indeed equalled. The difficult and elaborate fugued finale to the *Jupiter* was remarkable for the decision, point, and delicacy with which it was given; and the whole performance was a genuine success. M. Jullien is entitled to much credit for refraining in the symphonies from "enriching" the score of Mozart with trombones, which are not in the original. He merely added a third bassoon in the *Jupiter*, to strengthen the wood against the powerful weight of the stringed instruments, to which Mozart himself, had he been present, would have offered no objection.

The sonata for pianoforte and violin is full of beauties, and of those kind which at once enchain the sympathies of the uninitiated. The melodies are fresh and sparkling, and the whole work wears an air of simplicity and grace which might be termed primitive. The masterly development, however, shows the hand of the great musician, and will always possess an interest for the connoisseur. A more admirable and indeed faultless performance than that of the two eminent artists we never heard. The sonata was received with thunders of applause, and the *rondo finale*, performed with incomparable taste, being encored unanimously, Mad. Pleyel and Herr Ernst were compelled to return to the



orchestra and repeat it. Miss Dolby's singing of "L'Addio" was characterised by the truest feeling and the most genuine expression. It was redemanded, and repeated with increased effect. The attraction of Mozart's music would seem to have been even greater than that of Beethoven or Mendelssohn; since, in the course of five performances there were three encores—an incident which we do not remember to have occurred on any of the nights devoted to the two more modern composers.

The second, or miscellaneous part, the *omelette-soufflée* after the solid joint, the champagne after the tokay, commenced with the "Grand Allied Armies Quadrille," which was received with *furor*, and appeared to have lost nothing of its attraction. This was followed by the new song "Minnie," sung as sweetly as ever by Madame Anna Thillon, who seems to have recovered entirely from her recent "indisposition." The *Pantomime Quadrille*—M. Jullien's clever and characteristic Christmas-box to the public—succeeded, and König, as usual, convulsed the audience; after which Miss Dolby sang with great spirit a new patriotic song, in which an eloquent tribute is paid to the French and English alliance. It was enthusiastically redemanded. The *Sleigh Polka*, one of M. Jullien's latest contributions to the *répertoire* of dance-music, was written in America, and immensely popular in the United States, when introduced at M. Jullien's Concerts. Like all the terpsichorean compositions of the author, it is spirited, melodious, well-instrumented, and full of character. After a solo on the clarinet, admirably executed by M. Wuille, and loudly applauded, the entertainment was brought to a termination with the already very popular *Charge Galop*.

To-night the Mozart selection, in consequence of its great success on Tuesday, is announced for repetition. On Wednesday the concert-season terminates; and on Friday a second *bal masqué* will bring to a close one of the most successful of the united undertakings of Messrs. Jullien and Gye.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.—Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* is to be read by this accomplished lady at Exeter-hall on Monday, February 5th, accompanied by the whole of the incidental music of Mendelssohn. The music will be conducted by Mr. Benedict, and performed by a select and powerful orchestra and chorus.

SIGNOR CAMPANA, the popular composer, has just quitted Brighton for Torquay. It is his intention to return to London on the 1st of March.

HARMONIC UNION.—This Society has removed from Exeter-Hall to the Hanover-square Rooms, where the first concert of the season takes place next Wednesday. Haydn's *Creation* is to be performed. Miss Stabbach, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss being the principal vocalists. Herr Molique has been appointed conductor.

QUARTET CONCERTS, CROSBY HALL.—The second of Mr. Dando's series took place on Monday. Miss Messent was the vocalist, and Mr. C. Mangold was the pianist. Haydn's quartet (No. 82), which opened the selection, is one of his very best. The *andante*, especially, is among his finest inspirations. The execution of the entire quartet was worthy the highest praise. Miss Messent followed with Rossini's aria from *Tancredi*, "Ah, che morir non è," which she delivered with grace and feeling. A trio, by Mr. C. Mangold, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, introduced by Mr. Dando for the first time, is not clear nor striking enough to enable us to hazard a decided opinion after one hearing. The subject of the *adagio*, however, is smooth and graceful, and the *schero* is lively. The last movement is the most ambitious and pretentious. Mozart (Op. 10), and Beethoven (Op. 18), completed a triad of quartets, combining as fair a share of beauty and popularity as we are accustomed to at these music meetings. The other vocal piece was Haydn's canzonet with Shakspeare's words, "She never told her love," which Miss Messent sang with extreme neatness and finish.

GERMAN OPERA.—Local papers inform us that the operatic troop of the Stadt-Theater of Hamburg intends to visit London this season. Among the works which they propose introducing to the English public, are Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Méhul's *Joseph*, and Balfe's *Quatre Fils d'Aymon*. The *chef-d'orchestre*, Herr Lachner, is a man of considerable reputation.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society occurring, for the most part, on Fridays—the nights on which we go to press, some hours before midnight—our notices are necessarily postponed for a week—to the following Friday. To our readers, we may seem careless and indifferent in matters of importance; the truth is, we are desirous of giving publicity to every effort of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but have it not in our power to do so until the interest following the performance of an oratorio or other sacred work has been somewhat dissipated by time. A brief paragraph, for instance, was all we could devote to the *Elijah*, the execution of which was so almost unexceptionably good, that it deserved a lengthened and elaborate criticism. It is not too late to do justice to the chorus, band, and principals, and to specialise, that, on no former occasion, did Mendelssohn's neat work, under Mr. Costa's *bâton*, go more splendidly from beginning to end. The names of the vocalists will be guarantee for the excellence of the solos, duets, &c. They were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Herr Formes, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

Händel's *Judas Maccabæus* was produced on Friday last (the 19th) for the first time this season. Although not so familiar with this oratorio as others of the composer and the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn, the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society appear to have applied themselves to its comprehension and execution with determination and zeal. Excepting, perhaps, in such oft-repeated oratorios as the *Messiah*, *Creation*, and the *Elijah*, we have not heard the chorus more uniform, steady, and self-possessed throughout. Mr. Costa worked continuously and zealously to ensure a fine performance, and he succeeded. The resignation of the conductorship of the Old Philharmonic will doubtless enable him to bestow more of his time on rehearsals at Exeter-Hall—a consummation devoutly to be wished, and which cannot fail to be attended with the best results. The pains expended upon the performance of *Judas Maccabæus*, may be accepted as a sign that the director and the conductor are determined to put their shoulders to the wheel, and not remain inactive. The public have been taught by the Sacred Harmonic Society, to expect first-rate performances. Nothing second-rate can now prove satisfactory. No falling off will be tolerated. Even the maintenance of the present standard of excellence may not satisfy the increasing tastes of the public. The motto, "Semper eadem," would be translated, *Hibernice*, "Worse and worse." The Americans are not the only go-a-head nation. Movement is as indispensable to success in England as elsewhere, and the public know it. That the Sacred Harmonic Society will "keep moving" we hope and believe. Their supremacy, as an amateur institution, is acknowledged. It rests with themselves to place competition out of the question.

*Judas Maccabæus* may be regarded as Händel's greatest choral work after the *Messiah* and the *Israel in Egypt*. It does not possess the sustained power of either of the others, and the book is as weak almost as that of *Deborah*. Moreover, there is a great falling off in the third part, which, with the exception of the well-known "See the conquering hero comes," is almost devoid of interest. The splendour of the choruses, however, and the dramatic colouring and individuality of the music, is worthy of Händel's genius. The introduction to the second part, "Fallen is the foe," and the chorus, "We never will bow down," are remarkable for grandeur and variety; while for pathos and profound tenderness, the choruses, "Mourn, ye afflicted children," and "For Sion lamentation make," are quite unsurpassed by any composer. All these were very finely, and, indeed, almost faultlessly rendered, excepting "We never will bow down," which seems an eternal insurmountable stumbling-block to the choral force of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Its elaborateness and intricacy are great, but not more than perseverance and determination might overcome. The rest of the choral performances leaves us little to animadvert upon.

The principal vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Messent, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Madame Rudersdorff will be recognised as the *prima donna*, or—begging Madame Caradori's pardon—more properly one of the *prima donnas* of the German and Italian Operatic Company,

last season, at Drury Lane. She has, we understand, resided in England several years, and speaks English fluently, and with no perceptible foreign accent. Madame Rudersdorff's *début* at Exeter Hall was a decided success. Her declamatory powers—which are of no mean order—were displayed to much advantage in the music of *Judas Maccabæus*; while her general appreciation of Händel was beyond reproach. She gave the grand air "Pious orgies," in a highly impressive and earnest manner, which had a powerful effect on the audience; and the equally fine air, "From mighty kings," though so different in character, was rendered with admirable energy. Madame Rudersdorff has great abilities and natural powers, and will be a welcome acquisition to sacred performances at Exeter-Hall. In no oratorio, perhaps, does Mr. Sims Reeves appear to so much advantage as in *Judas Maccabæus*. The music suits his voice to perfection, and the vigour, fire, and energy, demanded for the three great songs of Judas, bring his finest capabilities into play. In the martial *bravura*, "Sound an alarm," he not only displays immense power, but his execution of the passages is really marvellous for their distinctness, certainty, and unvarying intonation. Miss Messent sang the second soprano music with excellent effect, and Mrs. Lockey was all that could be wished for in the contralto, which she gave with great purity of voice. To Mr. Weiss was entrusted the bass part; he acquitted himself, as he always does, admirably.

The Hall was crowded in every part, and the performance afforded so much gratification as to necessitate its repetition very shortly.

#### DRAMATIC.

**STRAND THEATRE.**—Mr. W. Allcroft, the enterprising lessee of this theatre, has had his full share of success during the holidays. The pantomime continues to amuse the younger portion of the audience as much as ever. Several new burlettas and farces have been added to the *répertoire* with much success; and a new actor, Mr. Leighton Walters, who made his first appearance in the part of Colonel Davenport, in the burletta of *Home from the War*, is likely to prove a valuable addition to the company. Mr. Walters is young and prepossessing in appearance, and his acting is remarkable for gentlemanly deportment: his delivery of the text was accurate and pointed, his manner natural and easy, and his *début* was highly favourable. When more familiar with the exigencies of the stage, Mr. Leighton Walters will, we have little doubt, take an honourable position in his profession. The audience received him with kindness, and warmly appreciated his efforts.

**OLYMPIC.**—Mr. Thackerary is writing a comic drama for this theatre, which, it is expected, will be brought out before Easter. Mr. Robson will sustain the principal part.

**St. JAMES'S.**—This popular and fashionable place of amusement will close for the winter season on Saturday.

#### COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—JAN. 25.

##### CROFT v. LUMLEY.

THE Plaintiff had brought an action of ejectment against Mr. Lumley, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, to recover possession, upon the ground of an alleged forfeiture for certain breaches of covenant. Subsequently a rule was granted, upon the application of Lord Ward, the lessee of some boxes in the theatre, for a rule calling upon the Plaintiff to show cause why he (Lord Ward) should not be let in to defend the action. By the terms of his lease, Lord Ward had a right of free ingress and egress to and from his boxes on all nights on which the theatre might be open, except at balls and masquerades. There were several other parties who, it was stated, were in the same position as Lord Ward, and who also wished to be let in to defend the action.

Mr. Willes showed cause against the rule, contending that Lord Ward had no title to possession, but had only an easement.

Sir F. Kelly and Mr. Wells, who appeared in support of the rule, were not called upon.

Lord Campbell said, Lord Ward had established a *prima facie* case, but the question of title might be discussed hereafter.

It was agreed that the several claimants should come, if possible, to an arrangement, by which one might defend the action for all, so as to save the expense of separate defences.

Rule absolute.

#### MISS CATHERINE HAYES IN SYDNEY.

(From the Sydney Morning Herald, Oct. 4, 1854.)

It is hardly possible to do justice to the effect produced with the immense concourse of persons assembled last night at the Victoria Theatre. An excitement wholly unparalleled in the theatrical annals of this colony has prevailed relative to the success of Miss Catherine Hayes, who has been delighting us during the past week. The highest expectations were formed, while, on the other hand, there was almost a fear that she might not equal her immense reputation on the stage. This fear has been proved to be groundless; Catherine Hayes has surpassed all expectation, because it had been impossible to be prepared for something so startlingly new—so unlike all we had ever seen or heard in the colony, that people expected, but were unprepared for, the superiority of talent she possesses. To have attained such perfect control over her voice—such faultlessness, purity, and delicacy of execution—Miss Catherine Hayes must have studied most arduously; but to such profit have been her studies, that there is nothing in her singing to remind one of them. Everything she does, appears spontaneous, and yet there is never a fault. The same thing nearly is remarkable in her acting; every movement seems the impulse of the moment; yet not for a second does she lose sight of the idiosyncrasy of the character she impersonates—not for a moment are her gestures other than expressive and graceful. Her voice is astonishing. To the purest, sweetest tone imaginable, it unites a vibrating and penetrating quality, which makes its softest whispers audible, which when exerted to its fullest extent, is truly glorious.

We do not fear being considered extravagant in our praise, at least by those who have witnessed Miss Hayes's performances, for the delight of hearing something altogether so new and startling, must have taken the most phlegmatic by storm.

Excellent as were the performances which preceded Miss Hayes's appearance, they were listened to with a patience the most exemplary, and we consider it as no small proof of the increasing good taste of a Sydney audience when we record that Madame Sarah Flower obtained an encore in "The spirit of love." Still, the denizens of the theatre were on the *qui vive* for the appearance of the great songstress; and when Miss Hayes appeared, her reception was most overpowering. Hundreds of bouquets and offerings of the most omnigenous description were showered upon the stage, and several minutes elapsed before she was permitted to commence the beautiful English ballad "Home, sweet home," which she gave in a style limpid, pure and deliciously sweet, and which she finished with a shake so delicately, so softly executed, that each one held his breath to listen, and the tumult of applause at the conclusion baffles description. The crowded mass waving hats and handkerchiefs, stamping, knocking, shouting, and endeavouring in every possible manner to express their delight, called upon the vocalist to repeat her song, when she complied by singing "Comin' thro' the rye," with her usual *naïve* expression. She was again recalled, with an enthusiasm we have never seen surpassed, and yet which was altogether deserved.

But the great triumph of the evening was reserved for the *Figlia del Reggimento*. The comic powers which Miss Catherine Hayes infuses into the rôle of the *vivandière*, must strike everybody who witnesses the impersonation. It was a charming *tout ensemble*, that excited the plaudits and cheers of the audience to a pitch which has never been witnessed in this theatre—a combination of unaffected grace and modesty, added to which there is a certain frankness, gaiety, and *naïveté* which is perfectly irresistible.

One of the greatest beauties in Miss Hayes's vocalisation is, that in her cadences she preserves the character of the style of music she is singing, for which the ancient singers were so famous; and this was remarkably conspicuous in the variations on "Ah, vous dirai je Maman," introduced into the singing lesson of the second act. These *impromptus* of her refined tastes are invariably executed and finished off in a style that might delight the most fastidious; so perfectly does she identify herself with the part, that it is difficult to persuade oneself she can ever



perform another than the one we see her in. There is an innate grace and dignity of manner which never leaves her, and which, united to the winning archness, sweetness, and naturalness of her acting, forms the most fascinating combination. The look of enjoyment in her face communicates, and completely conveys, itself to her listeners, and shows how strongly she enters into her part. The look of complete enjoyment, as she struts about the stage, singing her regimental air—her *naïve* coquetry with the old serjeant, the struggle between inclination and the sense of duty, when studying the old-fashioned romance with the Marchesa; all these, and many others, must be watched for, for never with Miss Catherine Hayes does the wandering eye and listless countenance, in moments of repose, recall to mind the actress, and destroy the illusion of the scene. Who will ever forget the natural, but comic expression with which she repeats the words "Per Bacco," when the proud Marchesa claims her as her niece, and then the exquisite feeling she infuses into the words "Lasciar i padri miei" and "Addio," when she is about to take leave of her supposed father, and the companions of her youth, at the end of the first act.

The house was crowded in every part to excess, and we understand that several hundred persons were sent away from the doors, unable to obtain tickets. We are most reluctantly obliged to revert to the abominable habit of allowing venders of ginger-beer to perambulate the house during the performances. One of Miss Hayes's most exquisite cadences was interrupted by three explosions of this nature; we trust that Mr. Torning will see to this, though we confess, as long as *ladies* devour oranges and pastry in the boxes, we doubt whether any emendation can be effected in the *bienvenues* of the gallery.

Miss Hayes, on leaving the theatre, was received in the most enthusiastic manner by an immense multitude congregated outside, who were only deterred by her own entreaties, and the exertions of the police, from taking the horses from her carriage and dragging it to her hotel.

#### HERR JOACHIM AND MAD. CLARA SCHUMANN.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Berlin.

THE cause of classical music gained a brilliant victory here the other day. I allude to that achieved by Herr Joseph Joachim and Mad. Clara Schumann, assisted by Herr von den Osten, in the rooms of the Singacademie. Clara Schumann, wife of the unfortunate Robert Schumann, is one of the most distinguished pianists of the present day, and is not more remarkable for her perfect technical skill than for her profound intellect, two qualities which have induced her to choose the works of the great masters as the almost exclusive field of her exertions. Joseph Joachim, as you well know, enjoys, and with perfect justice, the reputation of being the first violinist in Europe, although—or, perhaps, because—he never condescends to employ the little methods of showing off with which modern *virtuosi* are so fond of coquetting. His tone is powerful through every shade of sound, and his manual dexterity perfect, while his conception, expression, and heartfelt fervour are unapproachable! We had a real pianoforte concert without Liszt, Thalberg, or Chopin, and a performance on the violin without Paganini, De Beriot, or Mayseder. The two artists had selected no less famous masters than John Sebastian Bach and Beethoven. But the spirit of these great composers lived again and spoke with all its irresistible force at this performance of their imperishable productions. Beethoven's sonata in A major (Op. 47) has certainly very seldom been more perfectly played. The applause was unanimous and enthusiastic.

L'ETOILE DU NORD.—There is a rumour—how well founded we cannot say—that the agents of the composer of the above successful opera have offered Mr. E. T. Smith, lessee of Drury-Lane Theatre, the sum of 20,000 francs (£800), to desist from his intention of bringing it out in London; and that Mr. Smith has accepted. If the first be true, we can easily believe the last.

#### SCRAPS FROM AN AMATEUR'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

SUCCESSIVE VARIATIONS IN MUSICAL NOTES.—Nothing in music has varied more than the form of its notes, as relative signs of time. When the *large* and the *long* were in general use, the note of the smallest value, or shortest duration, was a *breve*, so called, because it was the shortest note then employed. To the *breve*, however, soon succeeded the *semi-breve*; half the length of the *breve*; which was as quickly followed by the *minim*, half as long in time as the *semibreve*; to which again were successively added, the *crotchet*, the *quaver*, the *semiquaver*, the *demisemiquaver*, and the double *demisemiquaver*, each diminishing in the same proportion; so that the last of these notes is only a one hundred and twentieth part of the *breve*, which, by practice, has been converted from the shortest to the longest note!

ANCIENT VOCAL SCALES.—The art of extending the natural scales of the different species of voice was formerly so ill understood, that eleven notes were all that were comprehended in the register of each, without deviating into unpleasant and strained intonation. Even in this age of practical refinement, it is not every singer, whether soprano, tenor, or bass, that can exceed this compass, and preserve throughout an unchanged quality of tone. The compass to which vocalists were formerly confined, was expressed by the eleven notes which occupy the five lines of the stave, the four spaces between them, and the two stations immediately above and beneath the stave. Hence these eleven situations were deemed sufficient for vocal notation.

HINTS TO COMPOSERS.—It was the constant advice of Durante and Galuppi to their scholars in composition, to recollect, that a production may be effective in the highest degree in a chamber, and yet wholly unqualified for a church or the theatre—nay, even offensive, so inseparably connected are subject, style, and plan in music. And both these masters forbid their pupils the use of any instrument, as an aid in composition; so sensible were they, that he whose ignorance of science requires intelligence from his fingers, should not attempt to compose!

GARDEL.—Of the two musicians of this name, the younger brother, Pierre-Gabriel, is the most celebrated. His father, C. Gardel, ballet-master to the King of Poland, gave him a musical education, and, in 1774, he appeared in the opera of *L'Amour et des Arts*. In 1787, he became associated with his brother, as ballet-master to the King of France, and the Académie-Royale de Musique; of which latter, at the death of his brother, he filled the station of principal ballet-master. The time devoted to the study of *chorégraphie*, on the art of measuring and marking the steps of *la danse*, was not suffered to interfere with the progress of his general education. Literature and music had their share of his attention. The violin, his favourite instrument, he practised under Imbault, a pupil of the celebrated Gavinié. In 1781, he performed solos at the *Concert Spirituel*, and the following year was heard with great applause at the King's Theatre, London. In 1802, he was nominated *Maitre des ballets* to the Emperor Napoleon.

MUSICAL POLICY.—A certain great master, before he composed a single air of a new opera, always read each act of it separately, and then the whole piece. He afterwards placed himself in the middle of the pit, arranged and combined his ideas according to the representation which he beheld with his mind's eye; and, this done, he, before a note was written, considered the opera as composed. But this preparation cost him an infinity of labour, and often seriously affected his health. Who was this sagacious as ingenious musician? Glück!

ORIGIN OF THE BACHS AS MUSICIANS.—The ancestors of the family of the Bachs, the musical talents of whom have, long since, become remarkable in the history of the harmonic art, was Veit Bach, a baker at Presburg, in Hungary, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Religious troubles breaking out in that town, he was compelled to seek another place of abode; and, accordingly, he retired, with what little of his property he could save, to Wechmar, a village near Saxe Gotha, in the province of Thuringia. Here he commenced the two-fold occupation of miller and baker, in which he prospered; but, affected by his former losses, to retrieve his uneasiness, he resorted to the

cheerful aid of music, and practised the guitar, of which instrument he became so fond, that he constantly amused himself with it in his mill, amidst all its noise and clatter. The strong inclination he thus contracted for music he communicated to his two sons; and they, in their turn, became equally attached to the science, and taught it to their children. Thus, by degrees, there arose a very numerous family, the greater part of which became musicians by profession.

**VIOTTI'S VIOLIN.**—The Straduarus violin of Viotti was sold by public auction, in March, 1824, in Paris, for 3,800 francs. France also can boast of her Straduaruses. For one of the violins of the celebrated Lussot, the sum of 1,500 francs was once refused; and Charles the Ninth caused to be made, by the great Amati, a set of violins, altos and basses, for his chapel; which instruments he so valued, that he ordered their backs to be ornamented with his arms, and inscribed with the motto, "Pietate et Justitia." Louis the Eighteenth ordered of his instrument-maker, Lussot, an orchestra of stringed instruments, which were embellished with the arms of France. Of violin-makers, the three greatest names that Europe can boast of, are those of Straduarus, Steiner, and Lussot. The most eminent of these was Straduarus; and of all the instruments he made, that of Viotti's was considered the best.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE VIRGINALS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your report of Mr. Salaman's Lecture on "Ancient Keyed Stringed Instruments," there is a little mistake which it might be as well to rectify. While speaking of Mr. Salaman's performance on the virginal, it is stated, in rather strong terms, that this is the very first time this ancient instrument has been introduced to the (I suppose we are to understand modern) public. Now it happens that both Mr. Salaman and myself have selected the same subject for illustration—only he is a somewhat late labourer in the field—and when I gave my lectures (under the title of "Pianos and Pianists") at the Exeter Literary Society, between three and four years ago, I was enabled, through the kindness of Mr. Vinnicombe, music-seller of that city, to whom it then belonged, to exhibit (curiously enough, if my information be correct) the identical virginal which, after having travelled up to the metropolis, was re-introduced to the public in the course of Mr. Salaman's lecture. I had previously given the same lectures at Tiverton, and subsequently at different times in the North of England; and I lately repeated them at Hampstead in aid of the Patriotic Fund, so that if any merit can be claimed for the originator, I think I am fairly entitled to it.

I would scarcely have troubled you with this communication, except for the purpose of showing that an obscure country professor may now and then light upon a subject which is capable of affording instruction and entertainment even to a London audience. I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

SAMUEL REAY,

Organist of the Parish Church, Hampstead.

P.S.—I enclose a syllabus of my lectures.

**AMATEUR PERFORMANCE AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—A performance for the benefit of the Crimean Army Fund will be given at the St. James's Theatre on Tuesday next, all the characters, with two or three exceptions, to be represented by amateurs. The pieces will be Mr. Planché's drama, *Charles XII.*, the comedy of the *Honeymoon*, and the farce of the *Wandering Minstrel*. Mrs. Seymour, the charming, spirited, and spirituelle manageress, has consented to appear as the Duchess in the *Honeymoon*.

**CHURCH-TUNES.**—I most strongly protest, says Frederick Schneider, against the introduction of the so-called *rhythmic* choral, and for reasons which take their rise in my innermost conviction. I hold that the old form of the choral, when properly used, is the best and most adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. The strict choral is not without rhythm; only its rhythm is simple and well adapted for the people. By the introduction of a more varied rhythm, effects more worldly and sensual are produced. These may afford more gratification to the ear, but I cannot think they will add to true worship. Rather, by the jingle and confusion of many of these so-called *improved* melodies, is deep religious feeling often interrupted or wholly destroyed.

**ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPSTEAD.**—Mrs. Bouthin gave a *soirée musicale* at the above rooms on Tuesday last, when the following artists assisted:—Miss Bignall, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Adlington Walworth, vocalists; and Messrs. Brinley Richards (pianoforte), Sainton (violin), and Lovell Phillips (violoncello), instrumentalists. Mrs. Bouthin, besides participating in sundry duos, trios, etc., sang the rondo finale, "Non più mesta," from *La Cenerentola*, and a ballad, entitled "Truth in Absence." Beethoven's trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was performed by Messrs. Brinley Richards, Sainton, and Lovell Phillips. Mr. Brinley Richards played his popular variations on "Rule, Britannia," and M. Sainton executed one of his own fantasias. The concert was well attended, and appeared to afford unqualified gratification.

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- |   |            |
|---|------------|
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| 4. Do not mingle—"Sonnambula" .. ..     | Bellini.   |
| 5. The Bride's duet .. ..               | Donizetti. |

The whole edited and composed by JOHN WASS.

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